Hudibras Redivivus:

OR, A

Burlesque POEM

ON THE

TIMES.

PART the Second.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed: And sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1709. Price Six-pence.

Hudibras Redivivus:

OR, A

Burlesque POEM

ON THE

TALES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART the Second.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented by the Author.

LONDON:

Printed: And Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1759. Price Six-pence.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Second.

I Thumb'd o'er many factious Reams
Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams,
All ſtuff'd as full of Low-Church Manners,
As e'er was *Salters-Hall* with Sinners.
Amongſt the reſt, the Mob's Prophet-a;
I found oft chang'd to a Poet-a.
No Shame to verſifying Brother,
Since one's deriv'd of Old from t'other.
Therefore all Scriblers ought to know it's
No Crime for Prophets to be Poets;

Eſpecially when Want of Senſe

Muſt be ſupply'd with Impudence,

And Malice, Scandal, and ill Nature,

Paſs with dull Fools for Wit and Satyr.

For he whoſe Brains are not defective,

May find in ev'ry tag'd Invective,

Hard Words are ſoften'd by their Chiming,

And Railing beſt agrees with Riming:

For bare-fac'd Scandal writ in Proſe,

Too much of th' Author's Malice ſhows,

When the moſt fulſome of Abuſes

Shall be thought witty from the Muſes.

The Name of Poem, or of Satyr,

Gives Umbrage to a Man's ill Nature;

And makes moſt Readers think he writ

Not to his Envy ſhew, but Wit.

When I had almoſt ſpent my Vitals

In chiefly turning over Titles,

In

In which might eaſily be ſeen
The Drift of all contain'd within;
Bs *Moor-fields* Conjurers can ſee,
By th' Art of Phiſiognomy,
Whether we're Wiſe-men, Fools, or Aſſes,
Ay th' Lines and Features of our Faces.
At laſt I pitch'd, as Chance would have it,
Upon a High-Church Book, God ſave it,
And that undaunted Hand that gave it:
For ſure it cannot be a Crime
To pray (altho' it be in Rime)
For thoſe that lay before our Eyes
The Treach'ry of our Enemies.
If Praying be a Fault, alas!
We Authors of the Riming Claſs
(As moſt believe) ſo rarely eſcape it,
That when we do, they may excuſe it:
For Pray'rs, we know, agree much better
With thriving Proſe, than ſtarving Metre

That makes Low Saints, who hate all Riming,
As bad as High-Church Bells, when Chiming;
Deſpiſe the Heliconian Jargon,
And think it Popiſh, like the Organ;
Except ſome Brother-Saint, in Spite
Of God *Apollo*, dares to write,
And, breaking thro' his ſacred Laws,
Jingle in Favour of their Cauſe;
Yet, tho' it is their hum drum Faſhion
To hate all Muſical Precation,
They love an elevated Voice,
That's exquiſite at Tone and Noiſe,
And do their Pray'rs much louder hollow,
Than we ſing Ballads to *Apollo*,
That others may become moſt ample
Hypocrites from their loud Example:
Yet, tho' in Praying they ſurpaſs us,
Sometimes with Satyr, when they croſs us,
We make 'em curſe old Mount *Parnaſſus*.

I, eager to behold the Book
That made the Whigs ſo crabbed look,
Sate down to view the Nation's Caſe,
Stated, as ſome think, by his Grace.
I mean not him by th' River's Side,
Who learns from thence, (if not bely'd)
To turn according to the Tide;
But one deſerving our Eſteem,
Who dares to ſtrive againſt the Stream,
And to inform a miſled Nation,
Speak Truth, altho' it's out of Faſhion.

At firſt I mus'd upon the Title,
Then ſate me down, and read a little;
Where Mighty Perſons did I ſee
Drawn into ſtrange bad Company;
And gallant Ladies, and fine Lords,
Japann'd with black and ſhining Words.
Some, who had true old Faith declin'd,
And with new factious Upſtarts join'd,

Eſpouſing

Eſpouſing Church of low Degree,
Were made full low as low could be:
I do not mean in Purſe or Station,
But Honour, Juſtice, Reputation;
Thoſe three maintain'd by very few,
To th' Hazard of the other two.
No Wonder, ſince that Men of State,
Without ſuch Gugaws can be Great;
And Sycophants, that ſcorn ſuch Baubles,
Can riſe from Nothing to be N——s.

Blind *Fortune*'s Wheel, we muſt allow,
Runs ſtrangely round, we know not how;
For ſecret Pleaſures done the Donor,
Of thoſe kind Favours, Wealth and Honour,
In Royal Eyes ſeem meritorious,
And often raiſe Men to be Glorious:
For Services there are ſometimes,
That once diſclos'd, are conſtru'd Crimes;

Such

Such that oblige us whilſt conceal'd,
But loſe their Merit when reveal'd.
Therefore, when 'tis a Prince's Pleaſure
That Flatt'rers ſhall purloin their Treaſure,
'Till they have ſcrap'd huge Sums together,
And climb'd aloft, the Lord knows whither;
How ſhould the Crowd expect to know
Why this Man's High, or t'other Low?
Why publick Merit's priz'd ſo little,
And private P——s ſwell big with Title?

How occult Service Favour draws,
Is difficult to learn, becauſe
The Grace by G—d's Vicegerent's ſhown,
Proves very often like his own:
It paſſes Human Underſtanding;
Who 'njoys it, need not fear offending.
For Earthly Kings, like Gods protect,
With ſaving Grace, their own Elect;

Set them upright, whene'er they ſtumble,
In Spite of thoſe that grin and grumble.

I read, was pleas'd, found little Harm in't;
For Truth has got a ſecret Charm in't.
What, tho' 'twas mix'd with ſome ill Nature;
Without, it would have prov'd no Satyr;
Nor could the one have made ſuch Pother,
Had it not larded been with t'other:
For he that writes in ſuch an Age,
When Parties do for Pow'r engage,
Ought to chuſe one Side for the Right,
And then, with all his Wit and Spite,
Blacken and vex the Oppoſite.
If his Muſe breathes no Gall or Hate,
The Fools won't nibble at the Bait:
For one Side's never truly pleas'd,
But when the other's vex'd and teaz'd.
Therefore, whoever handles Quill,
Muſt rail, or he'd as good ſit ſtill;

No

No Matter whether falſe or true,
Take Pattern by *D— F——'s Review*;
Let it be Scandal, and 'twill do;
For the Low-Church, by that alone,
Gains twenty Owles, to t'other's one.
Scurrility's a uſeful Trick,
Approv'd by the moſt Politick.
Fling Dirt enough, and ſome will ſtick. *fortiter calumniari aliquid hæret*

Scandal's the only Cut-throat Talent
To arm a ſcribbling Aſſailant,
And when us'd ſkilfully and ſlighly,
Prevails againſt a Party highly;
And is a ſure infernal Knack
To make the brighteſt Cauſe look black.
No bridge-fall'n Noſe upon a Face,
Can be more plain than is the Caſe;
For Fools that make the greateſt Number,
And are of Human Race, the Lumber,

Are taught to ſwallow hurtful Lies,
To keep their Faith in Exerciſe,
That they the better may give Credit,
When Stratagems of State ſhall need it:
For could the People grow ſo wiſe,
As to reject all Falſities,
And credit no Man's Pen or Mouth,
But what ſhould ſpeak or write the Truth,
T—ſg—g-Days, within this N——n,
Would not be half ſo much in Faſhion;
For all thoſe Deeds that make a Bluſter,
Set off with ſo much artful Luſtre,
Would in a little Time become
Dull as the Fables of *Tom Thumb*.

The Low-Church, that diſdains a Steple,
Muſt preach new Doctrine to their People:
Yet, ſhould there be allow'd no Teaching,
But Truth, I doubt 'twould ſpoil their Preaching.

Should

Should ſuch good Times befal this Land,
That Truth ſhould get the upper Hand;
What would thoſe Low-Church Champions do,
The *Obſervator* and *Review*?
For could their Talent be forſaken,
And they write Truth to ſave their Bacon;
The wiſer Sort would ſtill deceive 'em,
And none but Blockheads, ſure, believe 'em;
Becauſe a common Lyar's Mouth
Is even ſcandalous to Truth;
And Malice, when it's once detected,
Always makes Evidence ſuſpected.

Now to the Bugbear Book again,
That puts the Whigs in ſo much Pain:
I conn'd o'er all this famous Piece,
That ſo diſturb'd old *Calvin*'s Geeſe;
And all the Fault they can inſiſt on,
Is, it's too true to make a Jeſt on.

As

As for my part, I muſt confeſs,
It is, if I may've Leave to gueſs,
An honeſt High-Church Book of Merit,
Tho' written with a Low-Church Spirit:
That here and there a ſharp Reflexion
May ſeem to ſome, ill-natur'd Fiction,
Tho' true beyond all Contradiction.
So that to me this Tell-troth Book
Does like a High-Church Biſhop look,
Diſguis'd in a *Geneva*-Cloak:
For who, that knew not *Truſty*'s Face,
Would judge him honeſt by his Dreſs,
Since the worſt K——ves that Earth can bear,
The very ſame Apparel wear?
However, 'tis no Shame to uſe
A Weapon which our Foes firſt chuſe,
Or to return, when once aſſaulted,
That Dirt with which we firſt were paulted.
Therefore our Champion's in the Right on't,
To make ſo bold a *Hompuſh* Fight on't;

And

And to our reſtleſs Foes chaſtiſe,
With their own Cudgels, all but Lies:
Such Ammunition, 'tis agreed on,
An honeſt Cauſe has ſeldom Need on;
But can with Truth it ſelf defend,
Which always conquers in the End;
That makes our L——n, as they call it,
Knock down our Foes, like any Mallet:
For always, when the Truth appears,
The lying Faction hang their Ears,
And cannot for their Lives, we ſee,
Withſtand the Force of Verity;
But like to Snails, draw in their Horns,
When naked Truth but grins and turns.
So whiſt'ling Curs, that hate a bigger,
At Maſtiff's Heels will ſhew their Vigor;
But when he turns, they dread his Pow'r,
And, frighted at his Aſpect, ſcow'r;
Or elſe wag Tail, ſubmit, and fawn,
And tarry to be piſs'd upon.

Thus

Thus W——gs, in Time of Toleration,
Bark at the Juſtice of the Nation:
But when th' unbridl'd Laws, with Scorn,
One perſecuting Look return,
Curbing their Tongues, they ceaſe to grumble,
And all ſubſcribe, *Your very Humble.*

Having ſpent ſo much precious Time
In High-Church Proſe, and Low-Church Rime,
'Till my Brains almoſt were confounded
Betwixt the Cavalier and Roundhead;
My Fancy ſpurr'd me to be jogging
To th' Flaſk, the Flaggon, or the Noggin:
So I rais'd Bum from *Turky*-Leather,
To ſtrole I did not well know whither;
Leaving whole Piles of Whiggiſh Nonſenſe,
To be directed by my own Senſe.

CANTO

CANTO III.

I Had not long, on City Stones,
Beſtirr'd my Stumps and Marrow-bones,
But *Robin H——g* came grunting by me
As faſt, as if he ſtrove to fly me.
Thought I, here's ſome high Wind Abroad,
That blows, I fear, but little Good.
The grizly Boar is hunting round,
To ſee what Windfals may be found.
He looks as if he ran in hope
This Storm would make the Acorns drop.
At laſt I ſaw him very plain
Follow his Noſe up *Fetter-Lane.*
Obſerving that, thinks I, for certain
There's ſome Intrigue behind the Curtain,
Manag'd aloft for ſome by Ends,
To perſecute the Church's Friends:
For tho' our factious Foes firſt draw,
Yet, when we puſh, they take the Law.

So bully'ng Cowards oft, we ſee,
Provoke a generous Enemy,
Who, when he takes juſt Satisfaction,
The ill-tongu'd Scoundrel brings his Action.

I ſhook my Head. Thought I, 'tis hard
The Church can't ſtand upon her Guard;
But thoſe who always meant to harm her,
Shall thus be ſuffer'd to diſarm her.
Patience, ſaid I; now *R——d* is Knighted,
Sure ſome Folks will be clearer ſighted:
Ne'er fear but we ſhall change our Station,
For *Semper Idem*'s out of Faſhion.
I've heard a good old Proverb ſay,
That e'ery Dog has got his Day:
Therefore, be cheerful, do not mourn,
The low'rmoſt Spoke muſt upwards turn;
And when it does the only Skill
Will be to make the Wheel ſtand ſtill,

Or

Or elſe to human Senſe 'tis plain,
In Turn, it muſt go down again:
For Wheels, like Women, change their Ground,
T' obey the Pow'r that works them round,
Only they move by diff'rent Forces;
One's turn'd by Men, the other Horſes.

Being much concern'd to ſee Things go thus,
I ſtept into a Ninny-Broth Houſe,
In Hopes to better underſtand
What Low-Church Project was in Hand
To bring that Party to Confuſion,
That reſcu'd them from Perſecution.
Ent'ring, I ſaw quite round a Table,
An ill-look'd thin-jaw'd, Calves-head, Rabble,
All ſtigmatiz'd with Looks like *Jews*,
Each arm'd with half a Sheet of News:
Some ſucking Smoak from *Indian* Fuel,
And others ſipping *Turky* Gruel;

Still ſearching after ſomething new
In *Nob*, the *Gazette*, or *Review*.
Sometimes they ſmil'd, as if well pleas'd,
Then by and by look'd vex'd and teaz'd,
Alt'ring their ſublunary Looks
According as they lik'd their Books.

At the low'r End o' th' Table, ſate
Some High-Church Brethren, in a Chat,
Concern'd, as I ſuppoſe, to ſpy
The High-Church low, and Low-Church high.
Before them, in great Order, lay
The News authentick for the Day,
Mix'd with ſome High-Church Vindications
Againſt falſe Whiggiſh Defamations;
The *Mercury*, ſo much abhorr'd
By lofty Whigs, that rule the Board;
And the *Rehearſal*, whoſe keen Satyr
So cloſely ſhav'd the *Obſervator*;

And when he'd ſhewn how bald and bare
He was of Senſe, inſtead of Hair,
He left him to his Cuckow Tone,
Laugh'd at by all, and lik'd by none.

'Twixt both the Parties I ſate down;
Did neither dare to ſmile or frown,
Leſt one ſhould, by my Looks, diſcover
I was a better Friend to th' other:
For if a Man foreſees a Squabble
'Twixt adverſe Parties at a Table,
Tho' he's determin'd of one Side,
True Policy will bid him hide
His Conſcience, 'till the Battel's try'd;
And when it's over, he that's crafty
Will chuſe the ſtrongeſt Side for Safety:
Before, a Man may be miſtaken,
And 'ſtead of ſaving, loſe his Bacon:
For when vain Hopes and jealous Fears
Set Fools together by the Ears,

And

And Juſtice muſt be ſcann'd by Fight,
The Cauſe that conquers is the Right.
Then who would ſhew he was a Lover
Of either, 'till the Danger's over?
Since he who takes the other Way,
Comes ſafely in at beſt o' th' Lay.

I ſcarce had fill'd a Pipe of Sot-weed,
And by the Candle made it Hot-weed,
But one of the Diſſenting Crew
Began aloud with the *Review*,
And read it with a Grace becoming
A Low-Church Teacher, when he's drumming
Upon his Cuſheon to his Humming,
To cuff his blundering Oration
Into the Ears of 's Congregation:
For if their Fiſt a'n't reconcil'd
To their dull Tone, the Sermon's ſpoil'd;
For Geſture is the Life and Glory
Of Nonſenſe preach'd for Oratory:

Like

Like Fidlers, they muſt keep their Time,
As ſure as Poets do their Rime.
Tone, Words, and Actions muſt agree,
Or elſe they ſpoil their Harmony.

All was obſerv'd with wond'rous Care
By our Whig Libel Lecturer:
For when he came to th' Author's Letters,
From Tackers ſent, or their Abettors,
As he pretends, wherein they threaten,
He ſhall (as he deſerves) be beaten
For being ſawcy in's *Review*,
To thoſe he never ſaw or knew.
When this forg'd Tale the Zealot read,
He foam'd at Mouth, and ſhook his Head,
And did a Tone more frightful uſe,
Than thoſe that cry ſad bloody News.

Bleſs me, thought I, ſure he that's wiſe,
Can ſee thro' theſe tranſparent Lies.

These poor thin tiffany Projections,
Contriv'd to heighten our Distractions,
And gull the Crowd at their Elections:
For who, thought he, will give their Votes
For Men that threaten to cut Throats,
And use such ruffainly Correction
To me, the Prop of all their Faction,
That dares, in Spigte of Truth or Laws,
Defend with Lies the good old Cause,
In Hopes the Magazine of Pow'r
May Church and Monarchy devour,
That Rebels may surmount the Throne,
And pull the Church establish'd down;
And sacred Rogues in Judgment sit,
To tread all Order under Feet.
Could we but thus inflame the Mob,
To bring about this happy Jobb,
Then hey for me and Brother *Nob*.

But this will ſpoil the forg'd Device
Of his Epiſtolary Lies.
How will he prove theſe fright'ning Letters,
From Tackers came, or their Abettors?
And not from ſome dear zealous Friends,
To ſerve their painful Prophet's Ends?
Or that the ſame Hand did not give 'em
To th' Penny Poſt, that did receive 'em?
I doubt, ſhould we inſpect the Matter,
The Author of the true-born Satyr
Would prove the Scribe, or the Dictator.
So the Jilt, courted by a Cully,
Imploys her ſelf, or elſe her Bully,
To, with Love Letters, daily woo her
In Great Mens Names directed to her;
Which to her Spark the Doxy ſhows,
At which he raves, and jealous grows;
And that he may alone ſecure
The Prize, he proves the kinder to her.

Such Stratagems are often us'd,
That eaſy Fools may be abus'd.

So, if the Truth was to be known,
And theſe ſtrange tacking Letters ſhown,
They'd ſurely prove the Prophet's own;
Or elſe a Pack of Low-Church Lies,
Sent from his Friends by his Advice,
To falſely blacken thoſe with Crimes,
That dare be juſt i' th' worſt of Times,
When ſubtle Knaves, in Conſultation,
And Fools, thro' falſe Inſinuation,
Unite, to ſacrifice the Nation.

No ſooner was this Libel read,
And gently down before 'em laid,
To ſhew how courteous and reſpective
They were to a Low-Church Invective,
But a High-Church-man, in Deriſion,
Faces them, and in Oppoſition

To

To *F*——'s Aſperſions, that were ſpurious,
Reads out *Politicus Mercurius.*
Excuſe me, that the Muſes force
The Cart to ſtand before the Horſe,
Becauſe it will be ſo ſometimes
With us that fumble for our Rimes;
Nay, Reaſon muſt in Verſe give Ground,
Upon a Pinch, to empty Sound,
Or elſe thoſe Points we ſhew our Art in,
Muſt often go untag'd for certain.

This Member of the High-Church Body
At Loyal News being very ready,
Run o'er the *Merc'ry* ſo compleatly,
Read it ſ' emphatically neatly,
That all the Saints within the Hearing,
Some liſtening, and others leering,
Seem'd as much vex'd and diſcontented,
As if the Church had circumvented.

Thoſe

Thoſe pious Frauds we daily ſee
Manag'd thro' that Hypocriſy,
Occaſional Conformity.
At laſt, with Malice in their Faces,
They frowning ſtarted from their Places;
All moving Brother next to Brother,
Like Wild Geeſe, after one another.
Thus do they fly where e'er they find
Bright Truth with ſolid Reaſon join'd.

So Owls and Bats abhor the Light
Superior to their feeble Sight;
And for ſome dim Reflexion, ſhun
The perfect Glories of the Sun.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus:

OR, A

Burleſque POEM

ON THE

TIMES.

PART the Third.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed: And ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1709. Price Six-pence.

Hudibras Redivivus:

OR, A

Burlesque POEM

ON THE

TIMES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART the Third.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1709. Price Six-pence.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Third.

CANTO IV.

I Quitted now my ſmoaky Station,
Where Knaves and Fools preach Moderation,
And with that modiſh Cant, diſguiſe
Their Spite, their Venom, and their Lies;
From whence, each Man of Senſe may find
The Cobweb-Vertue is deſign'd
Only for Faction, to betray
The Crowd into a ſinful Way,
And make them tamely, in the End,
Give up that Church they ſhould defend.
So he that would a Man beguile,
Will talk devoutly all the while,

In Hopes the Bubble may believe him
Too good a Chriſtian to deceive him;
By which fair Means he gains the Pow'r,
To wrong the eaſy Fool the more.

I had not long in open Street,
Been puniſhing my Corny Feet,
But creeping by the Side of *Paul's*,
Where Sinners flock to ſave their Souls,
I met a Pillar of the Church,
Juſt ſtepping out of Holy Porch,
Wrapp'd up in Rev'rend Gown and Caſſock,
Looking as grave as Father *Iſaac*.
Long painful Study, Age, and Cares,
Adorn'd his Head with Silver Hairs;
Kept warm within a Cap of Sattin,
With Wiſdom lin'd, as well as *Latin*;
Whoſe humble Mein, and awful Face,
Were to his ſacred Robes a Grace;
And when he ſpoke, his Language ſhew'd
He was not only Grave, but Good.

A faithful and a vertuous Guide,
Whoſe Conſcience had for Years been try'd:
One who abhor'd Prevarication,
And all the Cant of Moderation;
But was a Chriſtian Shepherd fully,
Who exercis'd his Vertues duly,
Not mod'rate Whiggiſhly, but truly.
With equal Gladneſs did we meet,
And kindly one another greet.
When we had ended that old Strain
Of *How d'ye do, and do again?*
Into Saint *Paul*'s we took a Walk,
T' enjoy a little farther Talk:
For what on Earth can be more ſweet,
Than for two loving Friends to meet,
Who, e'er they did the Truth diſcover,
Thought themſelves Miles from one another?
After we'd talk'd about the Craft
That rais'd the canting Tribe aloft,

And equally expreſs'd our Wonder,
To ſee the Church turn'd ſtrangely under,
At ſuch a Time, when her Defender,
Altho' ſhe's of the F——le Gender,
Does Tooth and Nail ſo nobly ſtand
By th' ancient Glories of the Land,
And with the Church walk Hand in Hand;
That Church, for which ſhe ſpoke ſo warmly,
And ever ſince ſtood by ſo firmly.

My Friend in Sorrow ſhook his Head,
Then ſtrok'd his Rev'rend Beard, and ſaid,
Fair Speeches are a Prince's Talent;
But then, crys he, *Quid Verba valent?*
'Tis hard ſometimes by Words to find
The true Intention of the Mind;
Actions alone interpret beſt
The Meanings of a R——l Breaſt;
And when at any Time we ſee
Their Words and Actions diſagree,

The

The latter we believe their Choice,
The former but an airy Voice.
Beſides, he only is indeed
My Friend, that ſerves me in my Need;
But if he then ſhall ſuffer me
To want, and aid my Enemy,
A bare Acquaintance ſo unkind,
A Man had better loſe, than find.
I muſt confeſs I would not truſt
My Father, was he ſo unjuſt;
Nor can I credit ſuch a Brother,
That ſays one Thing, and does another.
But, Rev'rend Doctor, pray, ſaid I,
May not a mod'rate Man comply
With the eſtabliſh'd Church o' th' Nation,
And thither go to ſeek Salvation,
Yet be allow'd to vote and ſtickle
For thoſe that run to Conventicle?
Cannot he ſhew, without Evaſion,
That modiſh Vertue, Moderation,

And keep in Charity with thoſe,
He knows to be the Church's Foes?

Our Charity, the Guide replies,
We ought to ſhew to Enemies;
Without which Manly Chriſtian Grace,
Mercy it ſelf could have no Place:
But 'tis not Charity, or Vertue,
To ſtrengthen thoſe that mean to hurt you;
Or to advance the Reputation
Of ſuch a vip'rous Congregation,
Who aim, thro' Envy, Pride, and Hate,
To overthrow both Church and State,
And bring that Faith into Diſdain,
By which we hope to riſe again;
And conſonant to ſacred Story,
Aſcend to everlaſting Glory.
No, no; ſuch canting Moderation
Is wicked, baſe Prevarication:
All upright Chriſtians muſt accuſe it,
No Church-man can with Safety uſe it,

But

But he muſt lend a helping Hand
To ſacrifice his native Land,
And bring that Church to Deſolation,
On which depends his own Salvation.

Pray, Sir, ſaid I, what think you then
Of ſuch a mod'rate Race of Men,
Who entertain the Low-Church Notion,
Yet uſe the Church with great Devotion;
But ſhew in Words, and ev'ry Action,
They ſide with the diſſenting Faction?

Says he, ſuch Men of whom you ſpeak,
Are very Knaves, or very weak:
The former uſe the Church, like thoſe
Who do their wicked Minds diſpoſe
To rob a Houſe, and that they may
The Fam'ly with more Eaſe betray,
One takes therein a Room or two,
As the Low-Church-man does his Pew;
And when he finds a proper Time
To perpetrate his wicked Crime,

And keep in Charity with thoſe,
He knows to be the Church's Foes?
Our Charity, the Guide replies,
We ought to ſhew to Enemies;
Without which Manly Chriſtian Grace,
Mercy it ſelf could have no Place:
But 'tis not Charity, or Vertue,
To ſtrengthen thoſe that mean to hurt you;
Or to advance the Reputation
Of ſuch a vip'rous Congregation,
Who aim, thro' Envy, Pride, and Hate,
To overthrow both Church and State,
And bring that Faith into Diſdain,
By which we hope to riſe again;
And conſonant to ſacred Story,
Aſcend to everlaſting Glory.
No, no; ſuch canting Moderation
Is wicked, baſe Prevarication:
All upright Chriſtians muſt accuſe it,
No Church-man can with Safety uſe it,

But

But he muſt lend a helping Hand
To ſacrifice his native Land,
And bring that Church to Deſolation,
On which depends his own Salvation.

Pray, Sir,-ſaid I, what think you then
Of ſuch a mod'rate Race of Men,
Who entertain the Low-Church Notion,
Yet uſe the Church with great Devotion;
But ſhew in Words, and ev'ry Action,
They ſide with the diſſenting Faction?

Says he, ſuch Men of whom you ſpeak,
Are very Knaves, or very weak:
The former uſe the Church, like thoſe
Who do their wicked Minds diſpoſe
To rob a Houſe, and that they may
The Fam'ly with more Eaſe betray,
One takes therein a Room or two,
As the Low-Church-man does his Pew;
And when he finds a proper Time
To perpetrate his wicked Crime,

Made by's Confederates Aſſiſtance,
Too ſtrong and pow'rful for Reſiſtance,
They Beat, Gag, Bind, or Murder thoſe
That durſt their Villanies oppoſe;
Then run away with all that's good,
And leave the Family in Blood;
Or if not murder'd, at the leſt,
Much injur'd, plunder'd, and diſtreſt.

No better Uſage ſhould we find
From ſuch Low-Church-men once conjoin'd,
With factious Numbers to their Mind;
For tho' they come to Church to Pray'r,
They'd be the firſt that would betray her,
And will be found, when Danger's nigh,
The Snakes that in her Boſom lie.

But the weak Wretch, that is miſled,
To nurſe wild Notions in his Head,
And fancies, thro' the Want of Senſe,
Religion's chiefeſt Excellence
Conſiſts in dull Indifference,

And thinks it cannot be a Fault
To between two Opinions halt;
Or that it is no ſinful Crime,
When Int'reſt calls at any Time,
To run wi' th' Hare, or hold wi' th' Hound,
Since he keeps ſtill on Holy Ground:
He underſtands not, peradventure,
The Peak 'twixt Church-man and Diſſenter:
He knows no Diff'rence in the People,
But what he thinks is caus'd by th' Steeple.
One ſide he fancies does approve it,
And that the other cannot love it;
His narrow ſquinting Reaſon ſees
No Feuds, but what his Mind agrees,
Ariſe from Trifles, ſuch as theſe.
Therefore he thinks it beſt, in Troth,
To be indifferent 'twixt both;
And is a Friend ſo much to either,
That in his Heart he's truly neither.

He ſpeaks the Church-man very fair,
Of Surplice, and of *Common-Prayer*;
But when amongſt the Whigs he enters,
He's partial for the good Diſſenters.
Thouſands there are juſt ſuch as theſe,
Who're neither, both, or which you pleaſe,
That by the Want of Senſe and Thought,
Shew they've been better fed than taught.
Theſe join in that prepoſterous Cry,
O let the Church, the Church comply,
They care not how, and know not why.

Suppoſe a Knave ſo baſe be grown,
At Law to ſue me for my own,
Muſt I comply with his Demands,
That we in Friendſhip may make Hands?
No; I'd not part with Straw or Stone,
The Raſcal ſhould have all or none:
For he that will his Right decline,
And with ſuch Knaves in Friendſhip join,
Abets their villanous Deſign,

And

And makes the World, by his Submiſſion,
Believe their wicked Impoſition
No other, than a fair Condition.

But, worthy Sir, ſaid I, ſuppoſe
Your canting, half-fac'd Chriſtian-Foes
Should tell you, they'd comply and join,
If you'd ſome friv'lous Things reſign;
And they declare what 'tis they want;
Would not the Church thoſe Trifles grant?

Says he, thoſe Trifles which you ſpake on,
No Mortal can tell what to make on:
How ſhould they, ſince we plainly ſee
Themſelves about 'em can't agree?
They only quarrel out of Seaſon,
Then ſtudy after for a Reaſon.
Like one that's frantick in his Cups,
Who hits his Friend a Slap o'th' Chops,
That offer'd nothing to provoke him,
Nor can he tell for what he ſtruck him:

The ſame may of the Whigs be ſaid,
With Pow'r and Wealth they're drunk and mad,
And in their Frenzy, huff and threaten
With what ſad Stripes we ſhall be beaten,
In hopes, now Faction is ſo froward,
The peaceful Church, like feeble Coward,
Will ſuch a tame Compliance ſhew,
As give their Cloaks, and Tunicks too:
But they ſhall find, that, Quaker like,
At ſecond Blow we dare to ſtrike,
And ſhall not to vile Hands deliver
That Church, of which Great God's the Giver.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, your Heat abate,
And tell me what they would be at?
What 'tis you think would ſatisfy 'em,
That in my Thoughts I mayn't belie 'em?
A Man of Senſe, with half an Eye,
(Says he) may eaſily deſcry,
Thro' all their conſciencious Cant,
What in Reality they want;

Which

Which is, believe me, in a Word,
All that the Kingdom can afford:
Therefore they are aſham'd to own
Thoſe Terms their Pride inſiſts upon;
Tho', like true Sots, they'll ſeem at firſt
With a ſmall Draught to quench their Thirſt;
But were they't Barrel-head, you'd find
The Dev'l a Drop they'd leave behind.

At firſt for Trifles they'll be crying,
Which they will blame us for denying;
But if we think to ſtop their Raving,
By giving, they'll be always craving.
So Miſs, when firſt ſhe's kept by Gully,
Begs modeſtly, to try his Folly;
But if ſhe finds he'll not deny her,
His whole Eſtate ſhan't ſatisfy her;
But into Debt ſhe'll even run him,
And glory when ſhe's thus undone him.

The leaſt of Things, at which they offer,
Were they ſupream, they would not ſuffer:

They

They only want ſo high to ſoar,
That nothing can controul their Pow'r:
So that the Saints might rule at length,
Not by the Scriptures, but by Strength,
That Cruelty their Foes might awe,
And their own Wills become their Law.
The Church and Crown, in that ſad Day,
Muſt to the Club and Cloak give way:
Our Lands and Goods be torn aſunder,
And made their own by Right of Plunder.
Therefore I muſt, with Sorrow, ſay
Our Pilates ſteer a dang'rous Way.
To hold a Candle to the Devil,
Is not the Means to ſtop this Evil;
For Whigs in Pow'r, are of that Nature,
They'll ſwell like Spunges thrown in Water.
Therefore we ſtrength'n 'em, whilſt we pleaſe 'em:
The Way to leſſ'n 'em, is to ſqueeze 'em.
But how, ſaid I, can we foreſee
They'd thus unreaſonable be?

Methinks

Methinks the Church-men firſt ſhould try 'em,
Or elſe, who knows but they belie 'em?
Crys he, your Folly makes me ſtare;
Such Talk would make a Parſon ſwear.
Forbear to blunder out ſuch Stuff;
I think we've try'd 'em oft enough.
Did not King *Charles* the Firſt, to pleaſe 'em,
Do all that they could aſk, to eaſe 'em,
Yet you find nothing would appeaſe 'em?
The more he gave, the worſe they us'd him;
When moſt kind he, they moſt abus'd him.
Thus all along, his mild Conceſſions
Made them but heighten their Oppreſſions.
He ſacrific'd his Friends, we ſee,
To ſtop their Rage and Tyranny;
Did more than well became his Station,
To ſhew his peaceful Inclination:
Yet when they had obtain'd the moſt
That ever Rebels had to boaſt,

And had the Power, Lives, and Lands
Of all the Nation in their Hands;
The whole three Kingdoms were too small,
They'd not enough, when they had all;
But, like the *Gracian*, made wry Faces,
That they'd no more to pull to Pieces.
So finding there was nothing left,
To gratify their farther Theft,
Rather than be thus disappointed,
They stole the Blood of God's Anointed,
That their rebellious wicked Pride
And Av'rice, might be satisfy'd.
And would you have those Saints once more
Be try'd, who've done these Things before?
No, that would be like chusing those
For Friends, who were my Father's Foes.
A wise Man, sure, will ne'er agree
To trust to their Fidelity;
By whose repeated treach'rous Crime,
His Family, from Time to Time,

Have

Have been moleſted and betray'd,
And more than twice unhappy made.
No, never truſt the Villain more,
That has deceiv'd you once before.
Look round this ſacred Place, St. *Paul's*,
View its large Iles, and ſtately Walls!
That lofty Dome, that ſeems to riſe,
And join its Marble to the Skies!
See what vaſt Strength, and Beauty too,
Thoſe bold *Corinthian* Pillars ſhow!
With Wonder gaze on ev'ry Part,
Adorn'd with ſo much graceful Art,
Whoſe Order and Magnificence,
Does not alone delight the Senſe,
But moves us to a Reverence!
Would you not tremble, ſhould you ſee
All this deſpis'd for Popery?
And that a wild Fanatick Rabble,
Led by their ſpiteful Teachers Babble,
Should make this ſacred Pile a Stable?

Sure all good Men muſt go diſtracted,
To ſee ſuch Villany tranſacted.
Yet ſhould the Tribe their Pow'r improve
Much farther under R——l Love,
Their Pride may ſoar ſo high, that we,
With weeping Eyes, once more may ſee
The ſad Effects of Whiggiſh Rage,
Perform'd upon this ſacred Stage.

Said I, I'd rather that the Murrain
Should turn my Grannum's Cows to Carion;
Or that the Dev'l once more would venture
Some other Herd of Swine to enter,
And not poſſeſs a factious Breed,
Or to ſuch Freaks their Rabble lead;
For that would prove the Dev'l indeed.

But, Rev'rend Sir, before we part,
'Twould not a little pleaſe my Heart,
If you'd a true High-Church-man ſhow,
Impartially, that I might know
The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low;

And

And make it to my Reaſon plain,
How that Diſtinction firſt began.

Says he, the proud diſſenting Faction,
Malicious even to Diſtraction,
Viewing with Spite, ſuch Love and Union
Eſtabliſh'd in the Church-Communion;
That put them paſt the Hopes of riſing,
To their old Pitch of Tyrannizing,
Unleſs they could by wicked Arts,
Divide the Body into Parts,
That ſome weak Sons might be enſnar'd
To have compaſſionate Regard
For all Fanaticks, that pretended
Church-Worſhip, (wanting to be mended)
Their tender Conſciences offended.
T' accompliſh this ill-boding Evil,
Hatch'd by th' Aſſiſtance of the Devil,
They cry'd aloud for Moderation,
To work their Ends by Inſinuation.

This ſweet'ning Term ſoon took Effect,
And rais'd i'th' Church a middle Sect,
That trim 'twixt both, and will be ſafe,
Let who as will command the Staff:
Averſe to neither any longer,
Than juſt to ſee which Side's the ſtronger.
So Cowards to no Cauſe are hearty,
But join the moſt prevailing Party.
This makes the Whigs do all they're able
To ſhew themſelves moſt formidable,
Becauſe they've Craft enough to know
Thoſe mod'rate Church-men, ſtil'd the Low,
Are not ſo fix'd in one Opinion,
But they can ſlide into an Union
With any Side that gets Dominion;
Judging their Principles the beſt,
Who with the greateſt Pow'r are bleſt,
And ſo, inſtead of Fear and Trembling,
Work their Salvation by Diſſembling.

Theſe Meaſures did the Faction take,
To this abſurd Diſtinction make:
And now, to widen the Diviſion,
They feed the Mod'rate with Sedition,
And to ſet Brother againſt Brother,
Reproach one Side, and ſooth the other;
Flatter the Low-Church to the Skies,
Blaſpheme the High with odious Lies:
Thus win the Fools, and wound the Wiſe.

He that ſtands firm to ſave the Church,
And ſcorns to leave her in the Lurch,
Muſt be a *Jacobite*, at leaſt
A monſt'rous, ſtrange, *Epheſian* Beaſt;
A Popiſh *Perkenite*, a Traytor;
A *Foe* to th' Crown, a *French* Abettor;
Nay, worſe by half than I can ſpeak him,
Were he as bad as they would make him.

But the Low-Church-man, whoſe Compaſſion
Is ſtretch'd ſo far by Moderation,

That he would rather Church and Crown
Should be depreſs'd, and trampl'd down,
Than his kind tender Heart ſhould ſee
The Nation's Senate diſagree
T' Occaſional Conformity.
Such a Low Chriſtian is befriended,
And for Mod'ration much commended:
His Whiggiſh Neighbours cry, Alas!
For all he goes to High-Church Maſs,
Were you to hear him talk, you'd find
The Man has got a Chriſtian Mind.
This in the Neighbourhood's ſpoke aloud,
The Fool of their Applauſe is proud:
Thus hears by ſome, what others ſay,
So grows more mod'rate ev'ry Day.
The Leacher, who the Fair purſues,
Does the ſame ſubtle Meaſures uſe;
Much Praiſe behind her Back he ſcatters,
With whom he would accompliſh Matters.

This makes her proud, and kind to th' Sinner,
The firſt that found ſuch Graces in her;
When his groſs Flatt'ries ſeek her Ruin,
And only tend to her Undoing.

But ſince thou do'ſt deſire to know
The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low,
I'll tell thee with impartial Care,
What diſtinct Characters they bear;
That whilſt you can in Mem'ry keep
Their Marks, you'll know the Wolves from Sheep.
The High-Church firſt ſhall take their Places,
Becauſe they wear moſt honeſt Faces.

The Church above the World they honour,
And fix their Happineſs upon her;
The Artick and Ant'artick Poles
Are not more ſteddy than their Souls:
Int'reſt nor Fear will make 'em waver,
Or from the Truth their Conſcience ſever.
No baſe Rewards, tho' ne'er ſo great,
Or Threats of a corrupted State,

Will make their Lips their Faith deny,
Or their Tongues give their Hearts the Lie.
They love Mod'ration with their Souls,
But not the mod'rate Cant of Fools.
They live in Love and Charity
With all, at leſt thoſe that do agree
T' Occaſional Conformity.
Their Hearts are Loyal to the Throne,
They love the Queen that ſits thereon,
And dare do all that Men can do,
To ſhew they're to her Int'reſt true.
They honour Biſhops as they ſhou'd,
For being pious, learn'd, and good;
And are not for a canting Crew
To model God's old Church anew.
In ſhort, they're more devout and juſt,
More faithful, and more fit for Truſt,
Than thoſe looſe Saints, whom now we ſee
Poſſeſs'd of all, but Honeſty.

The Low-Church are Prevaricators,
Proud of the Name of Moderators:
By ſubtle Arts made factious Tools.
In ſhort, they're the Diſſenters Fools,
Deſign'd in ſome more wicked Times
To bear the Slander of their Crimes,
That when they find proper a Seaſon
T' attempt ſome Maſſacre or Treaſon,
The cunning Saints may ſhift the Shame,
And caſt upon the Church the Blame;
Becauſe the Low-Church Moderators
Were all along their kind Abettors.
Like Moths, that round a Candle fly,
They either can't, or won't eſpy
The Danger that's before their Eye;
But court thoſe Flames they ſhould avoid,
And ſooth their Ruin, 'till deſtroy'd.
Tell 'em, the Church declines in Glory,
They cry, they hope 'tis all a Story.
Thus make you think they would not have her
Hurt, yet will nothing do to ſave her.
They muſt comply with Toleration,
Their Hearts quite melt with Moderation;
Yet have not Patience to be taught
The ſad Calamities they've brought
Upon the Land, or to be ſhewn
What Miſchief to the Church they've done.
'Tis true, they uſe Church-Worſhip duly,
Yet think a Meeting full as Holy:

Lawn

Lawn Sleeves and Surplice they approve,
The *Common-Pray'r* they like and love;
Yet will not ſee the Hurt they do,
By ſiding with a factious Crew.
In ſhort, theſe Men of Moderation;
Theſe Low-Church Whigs, ſo much in Faſhion,
Are true to nothing, in my Senſe,
Except to dull Indifference;
But like a Lump of Wax or Clay,
Can take Impreſſion any Way.
Lord clear their muddy Intellects,
Recal them from pernicious Sects;
Make them more Holy, and more Steady,
More Wiſe, more Willing, and more Ready,
To guard the eſtabliſh'd Church o' th' Nation,
In whom they ſeek their own Salvation;
That when the Tempeſt ſhall ariſe,
She may not fall a Sacrifice
To Wolves crept into Sheeps Diſguiſe.

28 OC 62

FINIS.